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DECEMBER



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MACLEAN'S

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National Affairs—The Valuable Work of our Upper Chamber

By A. B. Hannay

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Senate does not work in the limelight. It is seldom heard of except when it does something that is unusual or the community does not approve. Consequently it is judged not by its deeds but by what the public is prone to suspect in its misdeeds. So much attention is focused on the more spectacular proceedings in the Commons that the deliberations in the Senate are not often featured in the press and the Senators themselves are not, for the most part, familiar figures in the public eye. The object of this article is to bring the Upper House a little closer to the public and to show the really useful work that it does there. To clearly present national contributions is the object of our series on National Affairs.



To the right is Senator Langford, the leader of the Government in the Upper House.

ABOUT their Senate Canadians have heard more and know less than of any institution which serves them. Battles waged by men to win their way to the Commons and by Government and parties to secure and retain its control have drawn attention to the elected chamber, but so often that many people look upon it as the whole of Parliament. People lose contact and contact and therein lies the reason for the programme the Commons has won and the respect of the Senate. To this may be added another of the prime strengths of the country and the position in the lower chamber of an overwhelming majority of the members. Yet in wisdom, experience and skill in law-making the Senate is more than the equal of the elected house. Its capacity for business has never been made quite use of. The daily press with a majority of readers demanding sensation, frequently has failed to spare space for serious and important matters under consideration of the Senate in that vast world of its best work has failed to reach the public.

The two Houses have not met markedly. Its members can become law without the sanction of both. Though the Senate cannot initiate or amend money measures it may reject them and without

its ratification they fail. In their wisdom the Fathers of Confederation created the Senate somewhat in the image and likeness of the House of Lords. Indeed the famous British North America Act brought Canada into constitutional existence in its present form, the present and considerable experience of both elected and appointed law-makers. Neither had been found altogether satisfactory, so instead of making the choice of two evils, the makers of Canada decided to take some of each and not an appointed and an elected house to believe one another. Almost at once the Commons, by assuming the chamber where legislation originated and the Senate a place where laws were reviewed, modified and improved.



His Honour Borden, the Leader of the Opposition in the Upper House.

For nearly fifty years these two houses, of common birth but different nature, have existed side by side in comparative harmony. Their important differences have been so far as to attract great attention when they arose and from them the Senate acquired much of its distinction. The failure of the two chambers to agree upon the Naval Aid Bill in the latest congressional disagreement had before it there were measures which succeeded in the lower house but found the Senate cold and critical. Sometimes

the adverse ruling was given by a Senate friendly to the Government of the day and sometimes by a majority in the Senate adverse to the administration; but in every case the Senate has been created and by some its strength called for. Whatever happens to a majority it will not be extinguished. The Senate established a path to a foundation as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. To alter its constitution or curtail its specially would require the consent of every one of the nine provinces, the approval of the Commons and of the Senate itself. Fewly nations would have to be taken by the Imperial Parliament in the form of an amendment to the British North America Act. The Senate might consent to a change, as fact the upper house has done they once debated the question; but that all the processes would appear of more dealing with the first chamber is beyond the bounds of the possible. The Senate in the province of minority rights. Now Borden, now Borden and now Edward Edward found may have representation in the House of Commons, but will always have the number of members suggested in those whom they entered confederations. Thus a right which they give and would not yield. Without the consent the Imperial Parliament would not act, as the Senate is likely to be with us for a long time. History has shown how difficult an institution it is. For almost half a century it

of order and trained to see, to observe with accuracy. What a splendid discipline children would get from being turned loose in the country in the spring, just to study the things that are coming to life—the birds, the flowers, the grasshoppers, the butterflies, and the various insects and animals. Then they would come to the school and describe what they had seen, and the teacher would enlarge their knowledge upon these subjects, by easy steps, rendering the certainty so that they could easily be led into scientific knowledge of nature.

CONSCIOUS ENVIRONMENT.

Children should be taught to recognize the things in their environment. It is a modern notion that education comes largely from books. Education consists in knowledge of people and things. There are marvelous possibilities in nature around us, and children could absorb information without really knowing they were studying. Their knowledge would come to us interesting as we learn to read.

The boy studies under the growing something of his studies for which he cannot see any special use. He does not see the use of being shut up in a close schoolhouse on a beautiful spring day, when the winds of nature are going on outside, when the birds and flowers and sun and every growing thing is bringing him to come out and play. What use is it to tell him that when he becomes a man and goes into business there, hard problems in arithmetic and algebra will be of great value to him?

I often wonder what the youth has sufficient self-control, and power of application and good judgment and good sense, to hold himself to a task which is really all fatigued in the future and which does not mean much of anything to him to-day. The boy wants to play; he wants to have a good time. Is it any wonder that so many youths grow up to hate their studies and to hate books and school?

WILL STUDY LIFE.

The time will come when all normal children will love to study because they will study life, be educated from life. They will remember things by seeing them close and by doing them. They will study business or business hours, in stores, in factories. They will study the social process instead of descriptions of them in books. The boy of the future will be taken into the machine shops, the foundries, to watch the development of the car through all its processes until it becomes iron and steel. He will trace the manufactured cotton cloth from the cotton field until it becomes cotton in the factory ready to sell. He will study the processes of silk manufacture from the cocoon to the bolt of silk on the shelf in the store. He will study law in the making of the Legislative Hall of the State and Federal Government, where he will also get his political education.

A normal child brings to the school an inquiring mind, a great curiosity, and only he begins to develop self-reliance, independence, self-reliance, and enthusiasm. But instead of encouraging these and other good qualities, the school teachers repress the process and begins to stuff the child with putting things in, instead of allowing them to out. This stops the normal, outgoing, coming from the child's mind and he takes the habit of absorption. The brain becomes a sponge. The result is that the fiber of the child's mind is not strengthened, weakened. He does not develop the strength which comes from self-help, from initiative.

KNOWLEDGE FROM A LADLE.

If you wonder why institutions which prepare people to succeed should seem so many to be such a helpless condition, it may well be that they do not discriminate between knowledge and education. Our children and youths are educated in just about the way we bring up horses. The teacher feeds them from a little at a time with a teaspoon, then she gives them more with a larger spoon, and then she gives them food from knowledge to them with a ladle. It is always shoveling something into them from the outside, instead of

allowing the faculties, greatly exercising them, strengthening the individual strands of the mental fibre and the mind becomes strong and vigorous to grapple with great ideas and difficult problems.

The whole process of education to-day is putting something into the mind, when it ought to be just the reverse. We chase all the corners of the child's individuality and shape him to the conventional model, when his individuality should be respected and should be kept intact.

The average public pays for his education at the cost of the most striking things in his personality. He becomes like all the other pupils, because he is run through a similar mold.

NO SET CURRICULUM.

The natural, easiest entrance to a child's mind is through his curiosity. Mrs. Macy (who was Miss Sullivan) says that this was the secret of Helen Keller's training. The secret had not been for the taking up of particular studies. It was not arithmetic at nine o'clock, geography at ten, history at eleven. Miss Keller's natural curiosity was her teacher's guide. When her pupil was particularly interested in at the time, she followed out, and the moment her mind began to tire, they stopped and took up something else.

If children were trained along the line of their natural curiosity, at their best, if their questions were intelligently answered, if they were allowed to take up the studies in which they were greatly interested, children would not, as now, hate school and hate books, because they are forced to study narrow subjects in preference.

What should we think of an author who would make out a schedule for the day of the things he would write about? At nine o'clock he would write about political economy, at eleven o'clock, history. Oh, Monday he would take up this, on Tuesday that. You would not call such a method ridiculous. An author must follow his inspiration. When he is all keyed up on a subject, when his mind is alive and his very being permeated with his theme, then his faith that he could write upon it is that is the subject for him to concentrate upon, and it would be suicide for him to say: "Well, I would like to write on this subject, but it is not according to my schedule, so I will put it off until tomorrow."

In the same way something in natural history may be particularly interesting to the child, he is full of the subject, his curiosity is aroused, and he wants to know more about it. This is the teacher's opportunity to develop the child's mind along that line when he is in the mood. It will be a delight to him then. Perhaps at another time it would be ichthyology; he would be free to follow his subject, for he would be interested in it.

When Helen Keller's education, up to the time the eminent Radcliffe College, was achieved through spontaneous interest. When the pursuit of the subject was a real delight to her, she not only learned much more in a given time than she would have learned if she had been forced, and the knowledge would remain much longer in her memory; for that which we remember with delight we recall at longer intervals with greater ease and greater pleasure.

The greatest work of the teacher is to arouse an interest in the pupil, and to take advantage of his curiosity in teaching him to think things out for himself, to reflect upon them. Such is life knowledge, while what is forced into a child's mind is so knowledge that at dead, it is a barren, open man.

Our great researchers, our leaders, power and possibilities, are looked up in our self-concernment, and they are only awakened and aroused by our objective demands. They have learned from their experience, especially in great experiments, that when we make a tremendous slip upon the great within.

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The MAGNATE'S INSPIRATION

OR THE 2000TH CHRISTMAS *By Harris Norton Lyon*

A Christmas Fantasy



As he sat there on Christmas Eve, at eleven o'clock, his brain seemed humming with great thoughts. He curved his head with the intensity of his feeling, and to the distance of the old shop a glow seemed to stand around his hair, like the glow around a sick woman's head when the pain of her suffering is exceedingly great. And all the while, as he thought, his eyes stared—stared abstractly—at all the things and things which lay about beneath the ceiling of the shop. It was a man hypnotized by an idea, more profound than himself.

At midnight, the old church bell began to ring. The frozen city seemed its long message of the great new day. By rising from his seat, the millions of people awakened, looked into each other's eyes, and were happy, that within warm walls that shut out the cruel, cutting winter. The whole city, where the city was rich, looked in comfort and ease and ease in the corner Christmas.

But as the great day weighed his long and about him and about it though the bitter Glastia, he passed moment after moment where the starting point shuddered in their cold, low rooms. There were no restaurants, only stores at the rich of the land. For in 1900 the rich were very rich and the poor were very poor, and the poor had no such a way, and they had been so often deceived. Long ago the rich had been rich

That I spent, that I had, that I had, that I had, that I had—Robert Fyler

It was eleven o'clock of a Christmas Eve in the year 1900.

The little old tumble-down carpenter shop of which old Meyer Abrams, late in a ramshackle corner-patch of the Dime, sat the strongest young Jew, alone. All up and down Baxter street the wretched winter wind whistled, whistling the cozy time, most abundant, and the dancing street pulled the roof tops and the gutters creaked and creaked. It was very early in the old carpenter's shop, but he was not alone.

He was not alone in it, but the young apprentice sat in silence, headless of the icy chill, his eyes staring straight ahead of him. His eyes were not out, and nervous, there amidst the dead silence and the glass and the snow, the glass, brass, and brass. Every now and then he would pass his hand tremulously across his forehead, or stroke his youthfully, white hair, in Baxter street, in the whole East Side of the great city of New York—just one old Meyer Abrams, late—known from what century the young Jew with the wild, staring eyes had come.

"Are you fairly landed?" Abrams had asked him quietly when he had wanted work.

"Yes," but he would not tell the name of his master.

"What do you call him?" the old carpenter had demanded.

because they had held the trust of the village; now they held only the girl in the village.

And the strange young Jew, as he passed along, nodded at the church tower and said, once and over in his heart: "That is why I am here, that is why I am here!"

At Rush avenue he took an elevated train to the Broadway and Fifty-ninth Street. There he got out and boarded a railroad train. It was the last one to leave New York City that night, and its destination was the Passaic Hills country to the north.

Before it was two o'clock, Josephson found himself alone in a deserted railway station and across the hills. He knew no direction, but he had vaguely a sense of where he wanted to go. So he followed his nose and was fairly about his own track out there a road through a wood. In the summer time the wood was made up of chestnut trees, but tonight they were pointed toward him like a spine of shoulders. The fearful wind kept freezing him as he stumbled weakly along. The lonely house of the winter night trembled at his heels, sending him mindless over his hills and hollows. Yet he kept on and on. He had no fear. He did not feel the cold.

The silent solitude suddenly to a chill rain and cooled his gasping throat. The frozen gale bit clear to his bones, and made his teeth ache, yet a stronger force drove him on. He felt and kept his mindless way. He fell and crawled and groped and strode along, over the shivering grass, the dead black leaves, the frost-bound stones, always in the direction he sought, always toward the quiet house with its wide flag pavilion, back among its pine trees on the coast of one of these touching hills.

At this miraculous night the luminous house, all lighted up, shone like another miracle. Its towers and capes were dark, but the glass construction, the balconies and rooms inclosed their yellow radiance through the midnight darkness like some fairy palace blinding with jewels and features.

The young Jew slowly and humbly traversed the wide stretches of lawn and stood before one of the French windows of the former room. He turned the knob and walked into the empty glow of light. From room to deserted room he passed until at length he came to the library. There he pushed another door open and stood motionless on the threshold.

In a high-backed leather chair before a crackling log fire sat an old man alone, smoking a pipe. In all that house, save for the servants, the old man was alone. For twenty years, forty years, he had been alone and on Christmas Eve he always sat thus, late into the night, reading and thinking before his fire. A certain bright light, and a certain wedding ring, he celebrated in this fashion. The rest of the time he worked and gathered up money. For he was the richest man in the United States, and the most powerful.

The young Jew stood for a moment, and then he sat down, and the old man, who had been sitting alone, sat down, but in thought, stared into the fire.

He was a Jew old man made of strong steel, with great shoulders and sturdy chest, long arms, a long, magnificent head, all covered with gray hair, and a gray beard. His eyes shone clear. His cheeks were red. Life lived in him as in a mountain rock. Yet when he thought deeply, as now, a softness spread over his face and his fiery eyes dimmed.

The young Jew looked at the old man's face strongly, and moved his lips as if talking to himself. Then, between the two men a sudden consciousness leaped, a silent change in the focus of each, like an incommensurable song, as that, in a moment, the old man lifted his head and stared.

"I am here," said the young Jew.

"Look at that man," murmured the millionaire. But it did not seem odd that he should be there.

"I must speak to you," said the Jew.

And the old man passed his lips back over his eyes as if in a dream, and answered:

"Come to the flow-pipe. Take of your coat, for you must be cold."

"Come? What is this? I am not cold," answered the other, in a poignant voice. But he said: "I see you are thinking. This is good; for you must think still more."

There was that in the wanderer's face which made the millionaire curious. So he said:

"Who are you, young man?"

And the other replied: "I am the man who must make you think still more."

The old man looked at him more closely, intently. "Has he come to ask charity?" murmured the Jew.

"No," said the young man simply: "I shall leave it," and he drew off his coat and stood upright, facing the millionaire.

"Listen to me," he went on. "When love and wonder come and their needs find, it is time for you also to think. But I will tell you, you must think as they do."

"And how?" asked the millionaire.

"You see everything inside and outside the house—everything which one man can see. What people no longer trust your place of power, the added force of your wealth, you took up the gold of the country. Do you know that men and women and little children are starving to death because of you?"

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"No. You are the madman of us two. You have a chance to become more rich. But it must come from you. All from you, from the heart out. There is a spirit inside you which for forty years has been kind and cruel and bitter. Now it is a Christian time, and that spirit must be softened and made sweet. There is no other way to go, what I mean. For though I could look into your eye a long time and you would do what I tell you, that is not enough. That would not be you who was doing it but something outside of you. From a hidden heart of your good will, from the inside, must your charity come."

At his words, the young Jew came over and laid his hand on the other's shoulder, looking with wide eyes straight into the other's eyes, without a faltering and a fervor came from the Jew. A queer, dawning, instant power passed along his steady gaze, but the young man's eyes thrilled him in his heart.

"You are a hypocrite," cried out the millionaire.

"I am a hypocrite. I am other things, too. I fast, and on one day I will give you my body. I am made from will and the hell world. I am made from the evil spirits of the dead. But these things do not matter. I came here tonight to change your soul and make it sweet, so that your charity will be real charity."

"Why did I select you? Because you are potential—you are that one man who holds the most power in his hands. Through you I want work. On it, I want to say, through you must your new self work. And it is not less charity I ask of you, the daily giving away of wealth for nothing. No. Your charity shall be practical."

Now the old man was amazed at the Jew's attitude and, though he felt himself struggling to be a dream, he opened his lips and said:

"Why should I say 'no' to his words? And the other spoke to him softly, but his tone filled him with a dream, he opened his lips and said:

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WEST TORONTO

Continued on Page 74.





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WATSON: "What he needs is

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